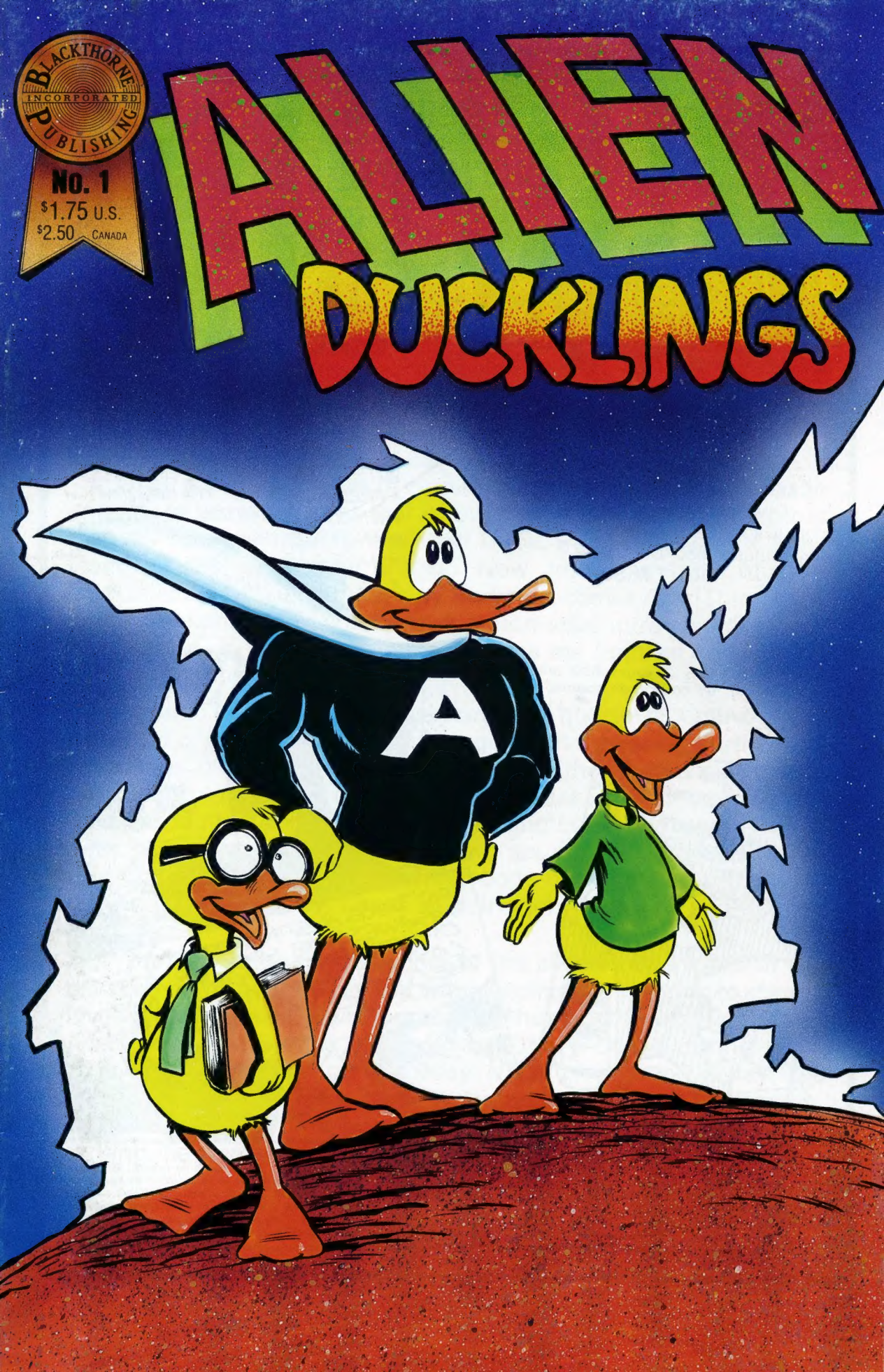
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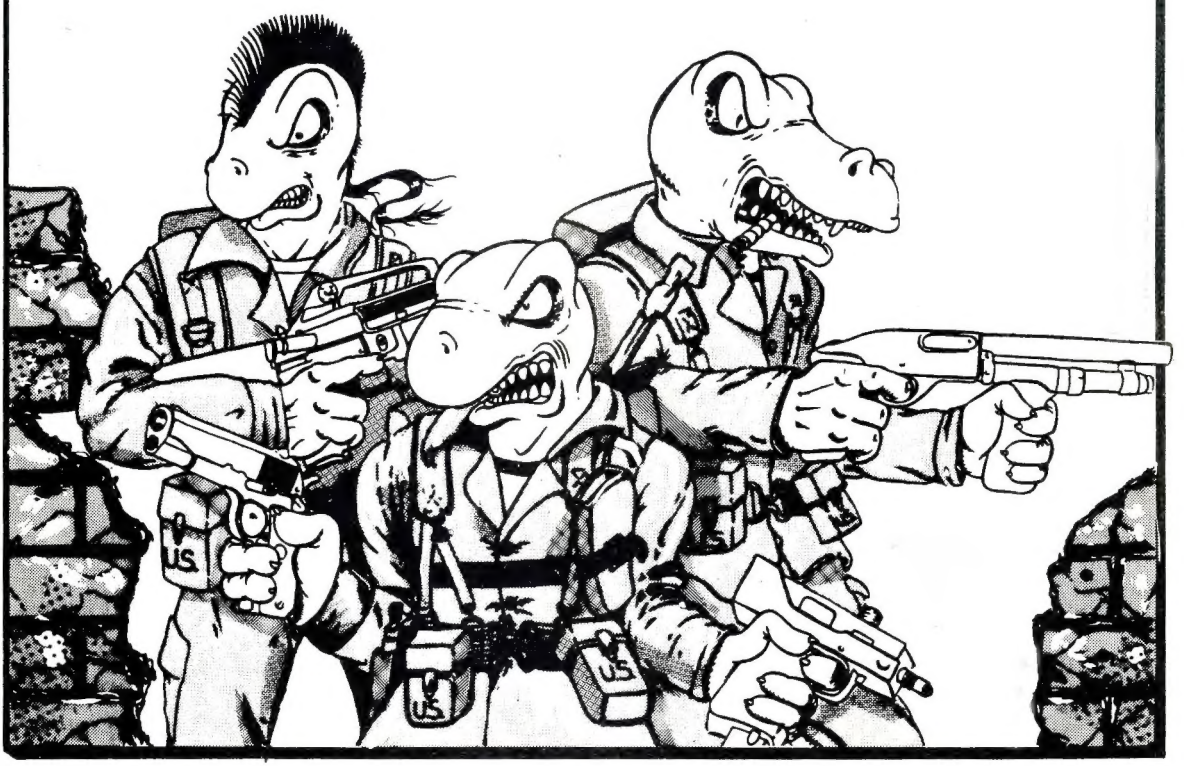

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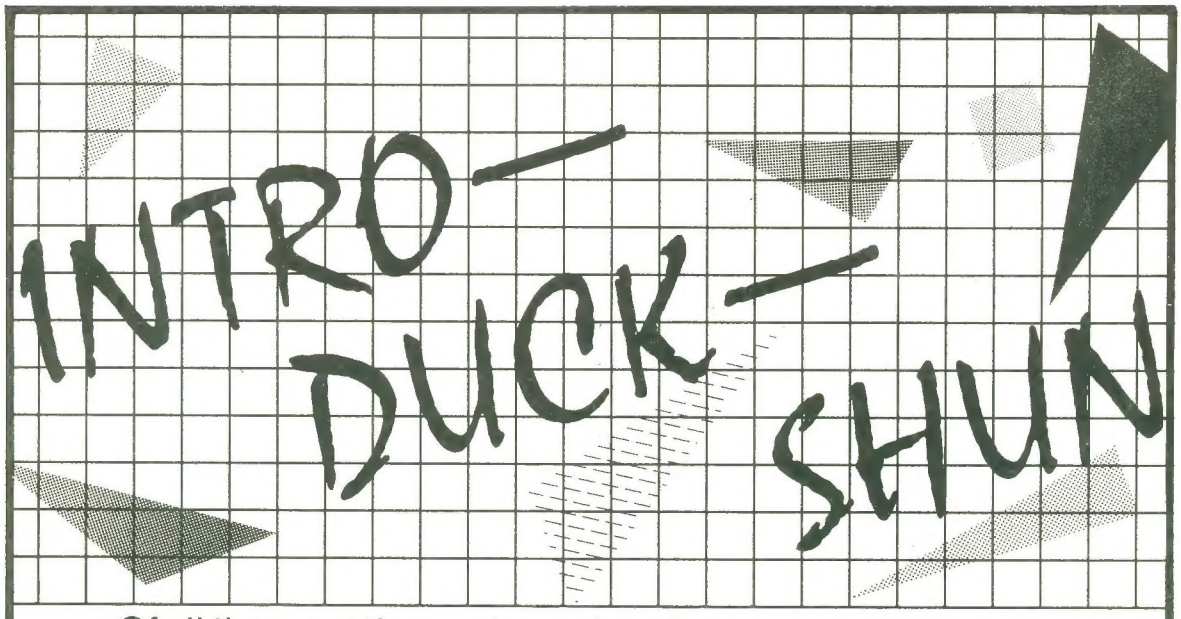
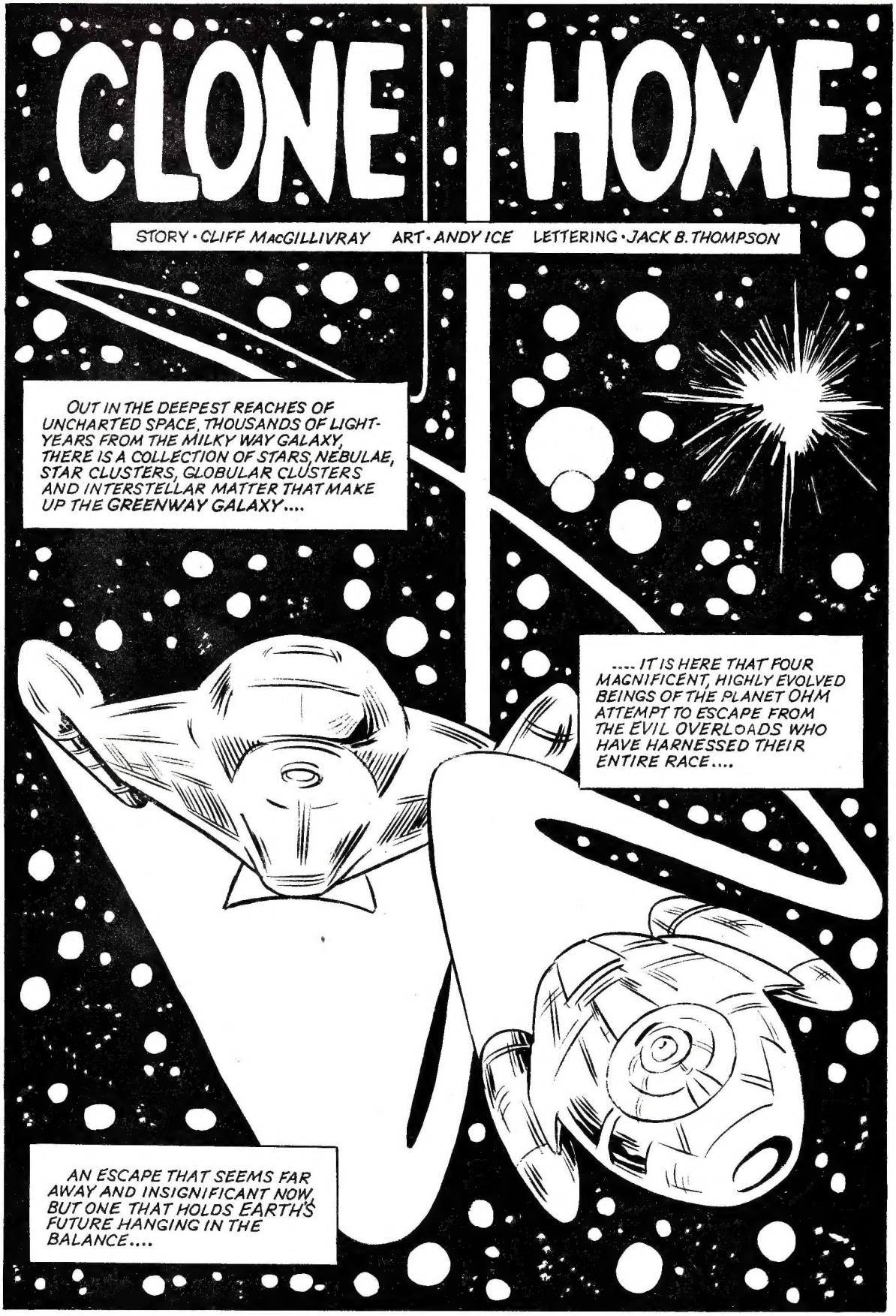


Of all the great themes in modern literature, none has proved so popular or provocative as that of the search for poultry from other planets. Witness Ibsen's *The Wild Duck,* Proust's *Swann's Way,* Fleet's *Tales of Mother Goose.* Now from the quill of Cliff MacGillivray, with illustrations by Andy Ice, comes *Alien Ducklings*, a wacky quackerjack comic-sci-fi-action-adventure-mystery thriller-Western-documentary that is perhaps the funniest comic book serial of the duckade.

A manic account of the adventures of a quartet of fugitives from the world of quarks and their quirky quest on the planet Earth, *Alien Ducklings* traces the metamorphosis of these electromagnetic beings into four of the most delightful quacks this side of the San Andreas fault. A combination *Ulysses* and *Look Homeward Angel* with occassional splashes of *Duck soup,* MacGillivray's *Alien Ducklings* is a rip-roaring, genetic-code-breaking romp that will galvanize your funny bones and trigger waves of sub-atomic laughter.

Whether in the control room of the sinister Overloads or the battered barns of Blatburg, the author's characters spring to life and involve us. Mr. MacGillivray writes as if he were the offspring of Tex Avery and Rod Serling delivered by Chevy Chase during a Dr. Pepper commercial on *Saturday Night Live.* MacGillivray, the Jules Verne of mallards, was in fact raised on a duck farm in Pasadena not far from the Jet Propulsion Lab. There, when he is not writing, he freeze-dries lemna and collects duck stamps.

Henry Gibson
Malibu, CA 1986

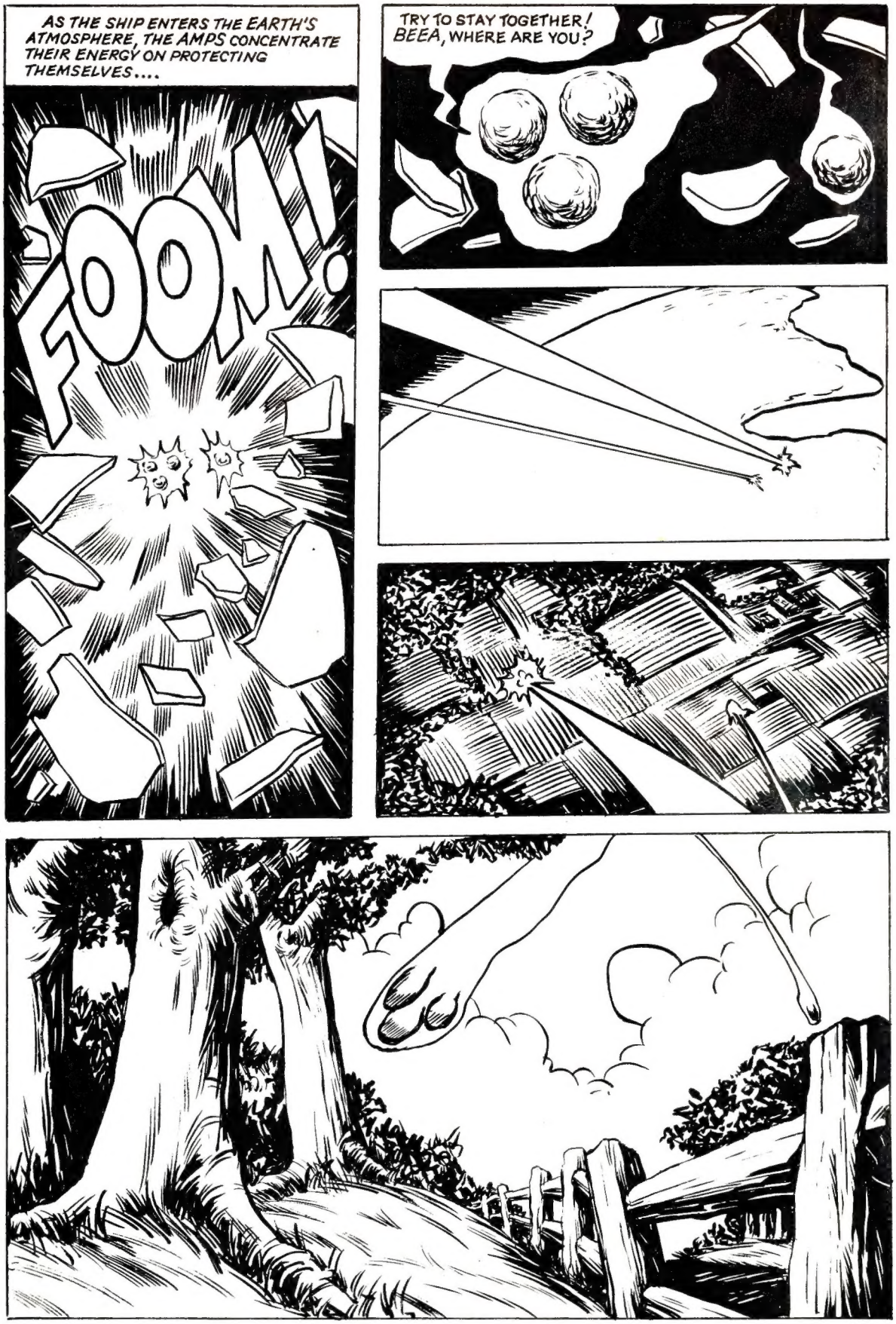

CLONE HOME
STORY · CLIFF MacGILLIVRAY ART · ANDY ICE LETTERING · JACK B. THOMPSON
OUT IN THE DEEPEST REACHES OF UNCHARTED SPACE, THOUSANDS OF LIGHT-YEARS FROM THE MILKY WAY GALAXY, THERE IS A COLLECTION OF STARS, NEBULAE, STAR CLUSTERS, GLOBULAR CLUSTERS AND INTERSTELLAR MATTER THAT MAKE UP THE GREENWAY GALAXY....
.... IT IS HERE THAT FOUR MAGNIFICENT, HIGHLY EVOLVED BEINGS OF THE PLANET OHM ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE EVIL OVERLOADS WHO HAVE HARNESSED THEIR ENTIRE RACE....
AN ESCAPE THAT SEEMS FAR AWAY AND INSIGNIFICANT NOW, BUT ONE THAT HOLDS EARTH'S FUTURE HANGING IN THE BALANCE....

INSIDE THE FLEEING SHIP....
THE OVERLORDS ARE GAINING ON US!
WE MUST EXPEDITE THE LINEAR ACCELERATION MODULE OR OUR CAUSE IS LOST!
TWOBEE, BEEBEE, PREPARE TO ENERGIZE THE MODULE!
BEEA, CONFIRM THE DESTINATION COORDINATES!
YES, EYEBEE. COORDINATES FIXED ON A DISTANT, INHABITED GALAXY OUTSIDE THE OVERLORD'S CONTAINMENT SPHERE....
READY, TWOBEE?
ENERGY LEVEL INCREASING, BUT INSUFFICIENT TO AFFECT MODULE FOR SEVERAL TIME UNITS....
WHILE IN THE PURSUING SHIP....
WHEN WE CATCH THOSE RESISTORS, I'LL DRAIN THEM MYSELF!
READY THE MAGNETIC CORE!
IN POSITION LORD VOLTEATER!
ACTIVATE CORE! HA HA HA HA HA!!
I'LL TEACH YOU AMPS TO ESCAPE FROM THE GENERATORS!
CLICK!

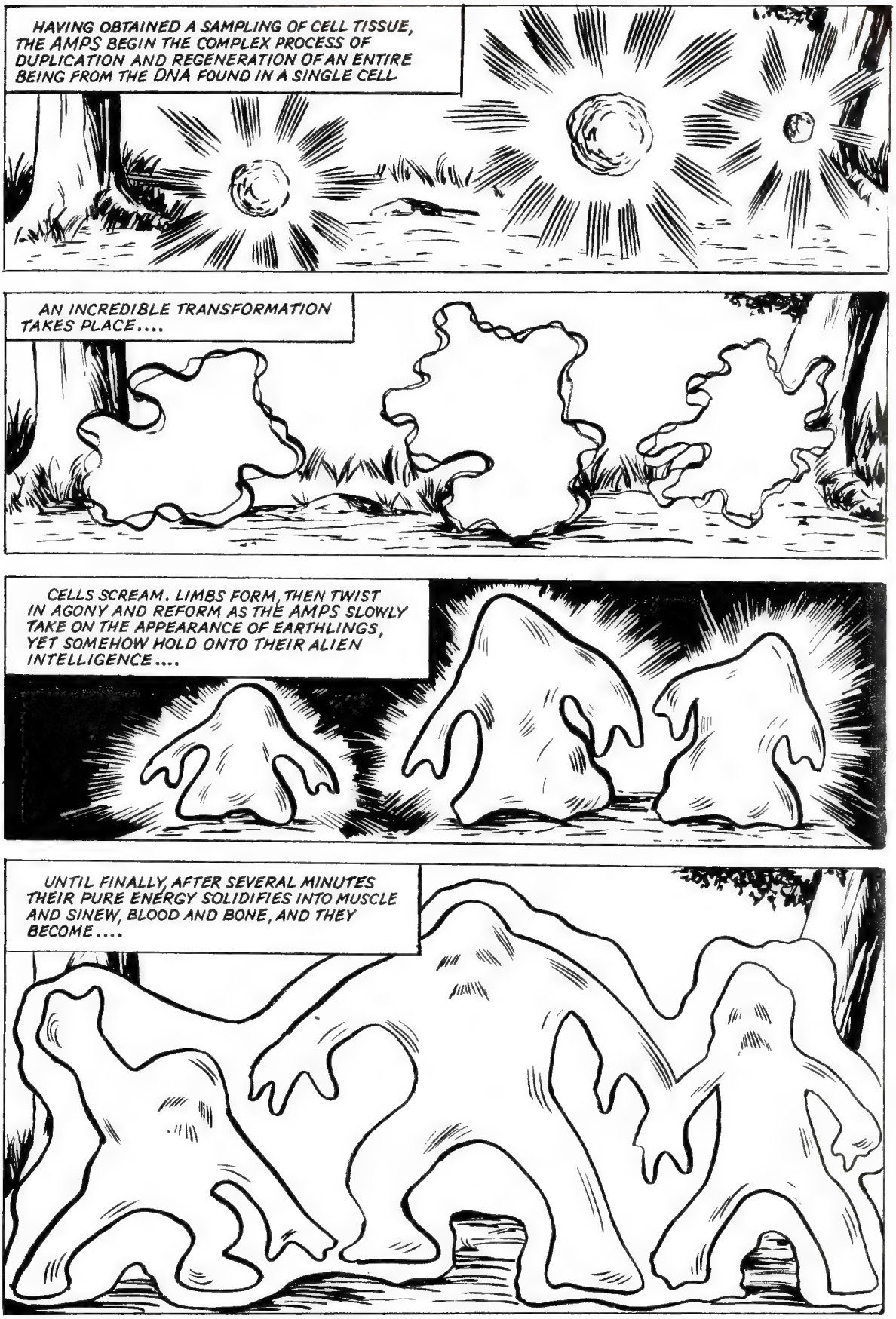
HHHMMMMMMMM
THEY'RE PULLING US TOWARDS THEM!
BEEA, HELP THE OTHERS ENERGIZE THE MODULE!
MMMMMMMMM
FOR A MOMENT, TREMENDOUS FORCES WAGE A GALACTIC TUG OF WAR, EXPENDING PRECIOUS ENERGY IN A PLACE WHERE ENERGY DILUTION IS HEADING TOWARDS AN ENTROPY DOOMSDAY
MMMMMMMMM
EVOLVED LIVING ENERGY IN ITS PUREST FORM STRUGGLES AGAINST THE EVIL MAGNETIC LURE. BUT IT IS ALLOYED METAL THAT GIVES IN FIRST.
SCREEEK!
KATOOOEEEEEEE!

KRAKATOA!
HAUL IN THE DEBRIS, SEE IF WE GOT ANY OF THEM.
MY LORD, HIS HIGHNESS SOLEATER THE SUPREME IS ON THE TRANS-BEAMER.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS!
VOLTEATER, YOU HAVE FAILED ME! NOW GO AND BRING THE PRISONERS BACK UNSPENT OR I'LL HAVE YOU DRAINED!
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, OH DARKEST ONE.
ATTENTION, MY LOYAL ERGS!
THE DARK ONE HAS ALLOWED US TO PURSUE OUR PREY TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE, IF NECESSARY.
I CONSIDER IT AN HONOR AND A DUTY THAT I WILL CARRY OUT WITH PLEASURE---I KNOW YOU FEEL THE SAME. THAT IS ALL!
LIEUTENANT GET A FIX ON THEIR ENERGY TRAIL!
COMMANDER, PREPARE THE SHIP FOR INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL!
I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG TRIP!
I WONDER WHAT WORTHLESS, BACKWARDS, ORBITING PIECE OF SPACE FLOTSAM WE'LL FINALLY CATCH THEM ON?
IT'S CALLED EARTH AND IT'S INHABITED BY A SOMEWHAT BACKWARDS SPECIES.
IT WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE! WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR CRAFT IS ABOUT TO DISINTEGRATE!

TWOBEE, REPORT ON THE PLANET'S DOMINANT RACE!
ALTHOUGH WE HAVE NO IMAGE OF THEM, WE DO HAVE A RADIOWAVE TRANSMISSION THAT THEY SENT INTO SPACE SOME TIME AGO!
CLICK
MAX! GET YOUR FINGER OUT OF MY EAR!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, CHIEF!
A LIMITED AMOUNT OF INFORMATION TO EVALUATE THEIR CIVILIZATION FROM, HOWEVER IT APPEARS THAT THEIR LEXICON IS SIMPLE MYOPIC MONOSYLLABIC TIP DENTAL INTONATIONAL DRIBBLE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE OLD DEADLY ASSASSIN POSING AS THE CHIEF OF CONTROL TRICK!
THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE IS MADE UP OF 78 PERCENT NITROGEN, 21 PERCENT OXYGEN, 0.9 PERCENT ARGON, 0.03 PERCENT CARBON DIOXIDE, TRACES OF SEVERAL OTHER GASES, AND WATER VAPOR....
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT, SMART, BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!
WE NEAR THE PLANET'S EXOSPHERE! WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES FOR ENTRY!
NOT SO FAST, ABDUL. IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT OUTSIDE THE DOOR ARE TWENTY-SEVEN CRACK AGENTS READY TO KILL YOU ON MY COMMAND!
YOU KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. FIND A SPECIMEN OF THE DOMINANT SPECIES AND CLONE YOURSELF FROM ITS TISSUE!
I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE TEN PYGMIES IN A BAD MOOD?
HOW ABOUT FOUR ALIEN INVADERS?
NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE THAT!


AS THE SHIP ENTERS THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, THE AMPS CONCENTRATE THEIR ENERGY ON PROTECTING THEMSELVES....
FOOM!!
TRY TO STAY TOGETHER! BEEA, WHERE ARE YOU?

WE MUST FIND A SPECIMEN QUICKLY OR PERISH UNPROTECTED IN THIS ATMOSPHERE!
ONLY TWO TIME UNITS BEFORE ATROPHY BEGINS!
OVER HERE! I'VE FOUND A STRUCTURE!
THAT HAS TO BE THEM! NOTICE THE OBVIOUS DOMINANCE!
WHAT ABOUT THE LARGER BEINGS?
BY THEIR RESTRAINTS, I WOULD CHARACTERIZE THEM AS WORKERS.
VERY WELL, LET US PROCEED!


HAVING OBTAINED A SAMPLING OF CELL TISSUE, THE AMPS BEGIN THE COMPLEX PROCESS OF DUPLICATION AND REGENERATION OF AN ENTIRE BEING FROM THE DNA FOUND IN A SINGLE CELL
AN INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE....
CELLS SCREAM. LIMBS FORM, THEN TWIST IN AGONY AND REFORM AS THE AMPS SLOWLY TAKE ON THE APPEARANCE OF EARTHLINGS, YET SOMEHOW HOLD ONTO THEIR ALIEN INTELLIGENCE....
UNTIL FINALLY, AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES THEIR PURE ENERGY SOLIDIFIES INTO MUSCLE AND SINEW, BLOOD AND BONE, AND THEY BECOME....

ALIEN DUCKLINGS!
WHY DOESN'T THIS FEEL RIGHT?

QUACK?
THESE BIPEDS SEEM TO BE ADAPTED TO WATER AS WELL AS LAND.
OH NO!
BEEA?
YOU HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISCALCULATION!
YOU ARE NOT EARTHLINGS, BUT RATHER SOME TYPE OF INFERIOR BEINGS!
FORTUNATELY, I WAS ABLE TO BECOME ONE!

IT IS EVIDENT THAT AN ERROR HAS BEEN MADE IN REGARDS TO SUBJECT MATTER.
UNFORTUNATELY, NONE OF US RETAIN ENOUGH ENERGY TO PERFORM THE PROCESS AGAIN!

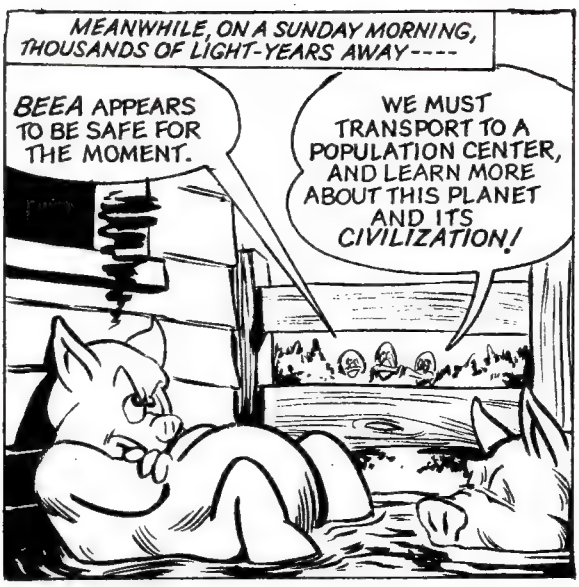
PERHAPS THE FOUR OF US COULD COMBINE OUR REMAINING ENERGY AND TRANSFORM BEEA TO THE PROPER FORM.
I AM THE PROPER FORM!
A BEING APPROACHES!

UNTIL WE DETERMINE OUR STATUS, ONLY I WILL COMMUNICATE!
WE WILL USE TELEPATHY AMONG OURSELVES!

I FOUND THE SOW, PA!
SHE'S OVER HERE WITH SOME DUCKLINGS!
SHE?
DUCKLINGS?

COME ON, GIRL. BACK TO THE PEN FOR YOU!
WHAP!
OT!
SHE?
APPARENTLY BEEA IS SOME KIND OF PRISONER. WE MUST ASSIST IN HIS RELEASE!
I'LL DISTRACT THE CREATURE. YOU TWO FREE HIM!
SHE?
ALTHOUGH AWKWARD IN HIS NEW FORM, THE ALIEN DUCKLING SAVAGELY BRINGS THE ATTACK TO HIS FOE!
AIEEEEE
THUD!
PUNT!
SHOO DUCK!
FUNNY, I'VE NEVER HEARD A DUCK SCREAM BEFORE.
SHE?
PERHAPS WE SHOULD RECONSIDER.
I CONCUR!

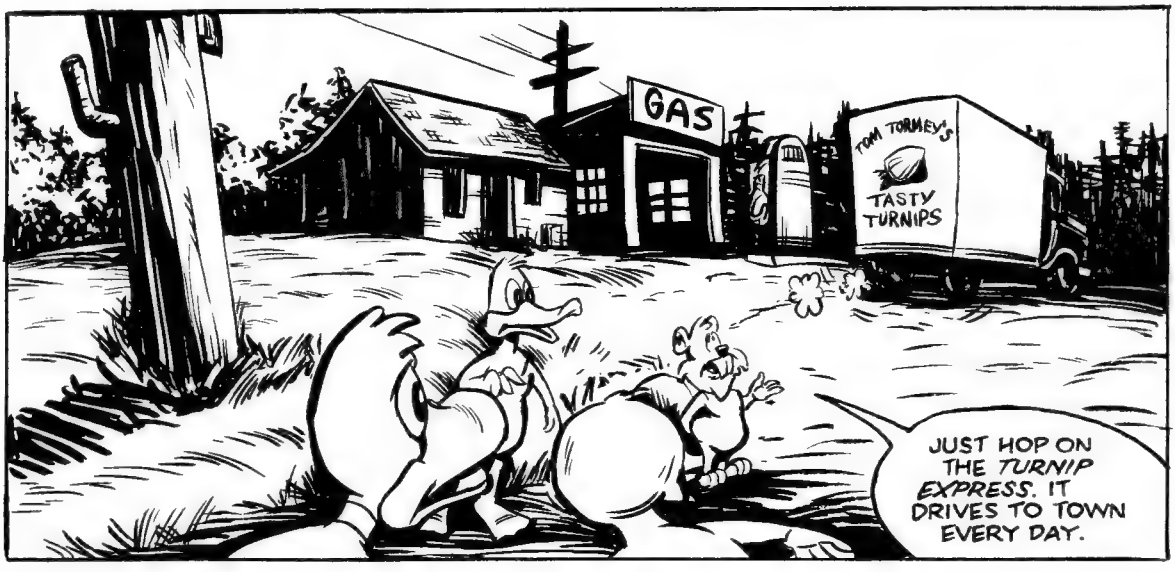
---WHILE IN DEEP SPACE, AN EVIL PLAN IS TAKING SHAPE----
---SO I SUGGEST WE TRY THE RIGHT WAY, LORD VOLTEATER.
I TOLD YOU, COMMANDER, IT'S MY WAY OR THE HIGHWAY!
POSSIBLE GALAXIES
MILKY WAY
COOKIE WAY
AMERICAN WAY
RIGHT WAY
WRONG WAY
ONE WAY
AMWAY
MY WAY
YOUR WAY
HIGHWAY
FARAWAY
ANCHORS AWAY
GREENWAY
DRIVEWAY
BUT SIR, THE HIGHWAY WOULD BE INADVISABLE!
YOU'RE VERY PERCEPTIVE!
HUH?
SIR, I REALLY DO FEEL LIKE YOUR WAY---
BUT, BUT---
IS THE RIGHT WAY, AND THAT YOUR WAY IS THE WRONG WAY!
THERE WILL BE NO MORE DISCUSSION, COMMANDER. YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!
LORD VOLTEATER, HE HAS ARRIVED!
EXCELLENT! SHOW HIM HIS QUARTERS, THEN BRING HIM HERE!
NUTCAKE!
WELL COMMANDER, GIVE THE ORDER!
YES SIR. ENSIGN, SET COORDINATES FOR---ER--
-UH---ER---THE---MY WAY?
ENOUGH! TAKE THIS ERG OUT AND DRAIN HIM!
ENSIGN, SET YOUR COORDINATES FOR THE APPROPRIATE GALAXY!
YES SIR!
EENIE MEENIE MINY MO----


MEANWHILE, ON A SUNDAY MORNING, THOUSANDS OF LIGHT-YEARS AWAY----
BEEA APPEARS TO BE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT.
WE MUST TRANSPORT TO A POPULATION CENTER, AND LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS PLANET AND ITS CIVILIZATION!

WE MUST LOCATE THE LOCAL INFORMATION INSTITUTES AND USE OUR REMAINING ENERGY TO ADAPT TO THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT, AND TO ENHANCE THESE BEINGS WE HAVE BECOME.
WE APPEAR TO BE AVIAN CREATURES CAPABLE OF FLIGHT!

PERHAPS WE CAN IMPROVE THE SPEED OF OUR TRAVEL.
FLAP FLAP FLAP

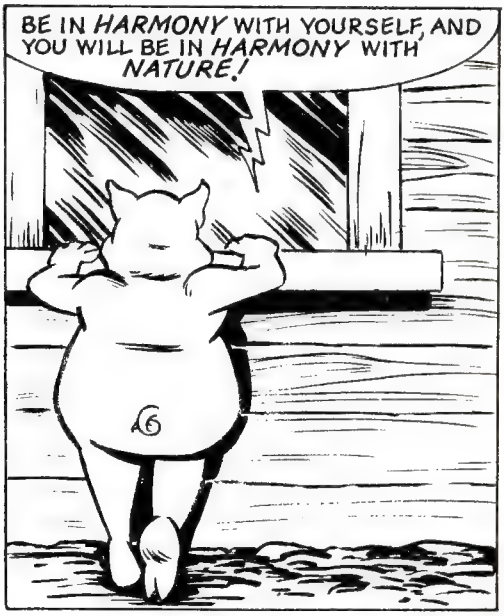
DISGUSTING! DUCKS THAT CAN'T FLY!
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO-- OOOPH!-- FIND THE NEAREST POPULATION CENTER.


GAS
TOM TORMEY'S
TASTY TURNIPS
JUST HOP ON THE TURNIP EXPRESS. IT DRIVES TO TOWN EVERY DAY.

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE, A SUNDAY MORNING RITUAL IS TAKING PLACE. WITH THE FAMILY SETTLED IN, PA TURNS ON THE VIDEO CASSETTE PLAYER THAT PLAYS THEIR WEEKLY RELIGIOUS PROGRAM----
POTATO CHIPS
PA THINKS IT'S IMPORTANT THAT HIS FAMILY RECEIVE THE PROPER SPIRITUAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ENLIGHTENMENT----

MASTER? HOW CAN ONE TELL RIGHT FROM WRONG?
WELL, GRASS-HOPPER, NATURE TELLS US----

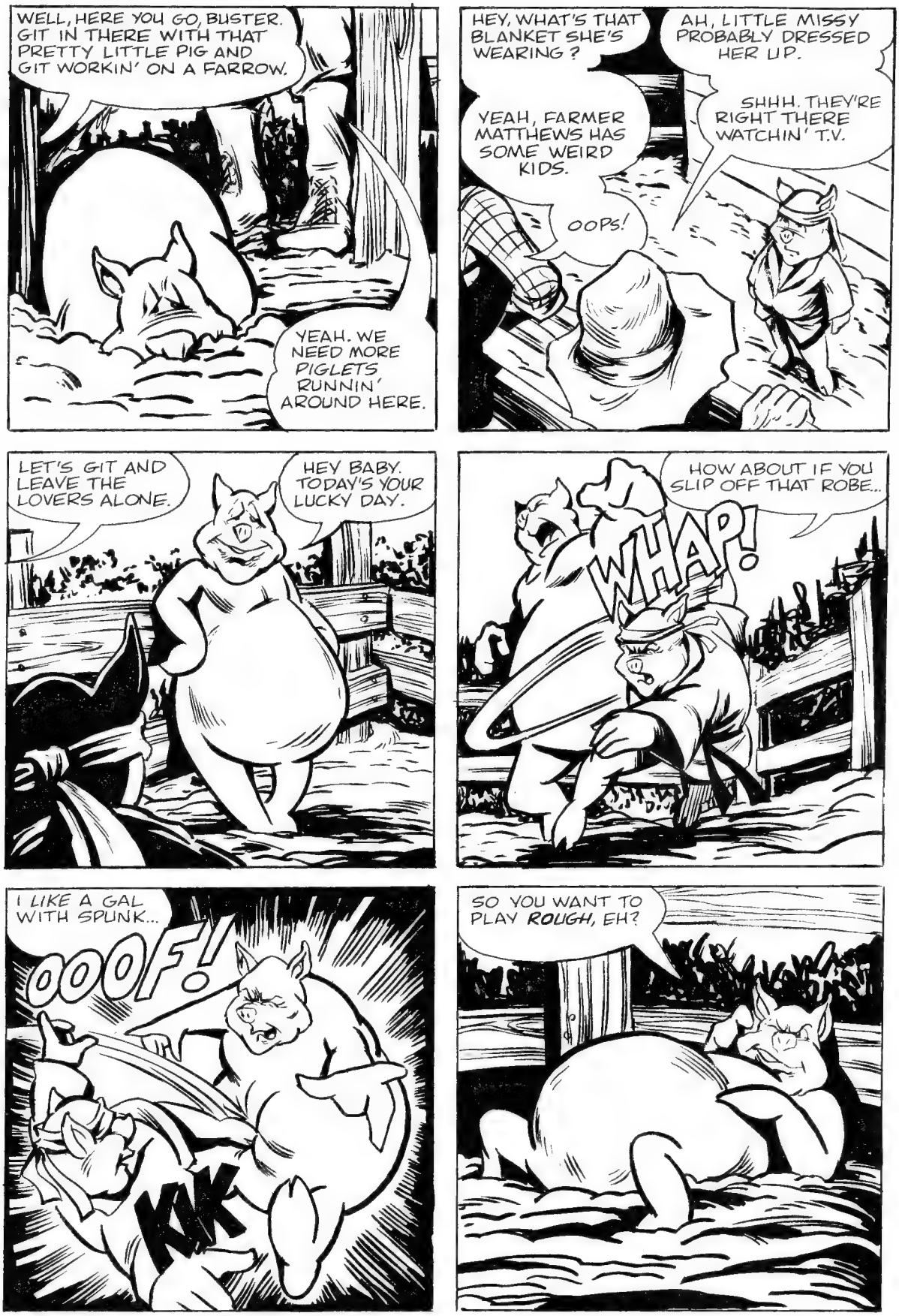
YOU HAVE ONLY TO LISTEN AND THE WAY WILL BECOME CLEAR!
AWESOME!


BE IN HARMONY WITH YOURSELF, AND YOU WILL BE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE!

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A TRANSMISSION OF AN IMPORTANT FIGURE.
I MUST USE MY REMAINING ENERGY TO EMULATE SUCH A GREAT FORCE!
POW
BAFF

FANTASTIC, UNEXPLAINED FORCES SURGE INTO ACTION. BEEA'S CONSCIOUSNESS BECOMES INTERWOVEN WITH THAT OF THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN. THEIR MINDS MELD. THEIR BEINGS MELD. THEY BECOME ONE. ONE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE AND PEACE. THEY BECOME----

MASTER PO, THE PHILOSOPHER PIG!

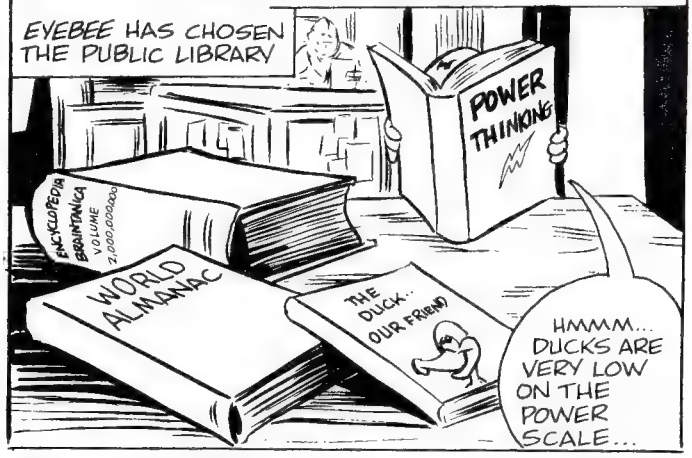

WELL, HERE YOU GO, BUSTER. GIT IN THERE WITH THAT PRETTY LITTLE PIG AND GIT WORKIN' ON A FARROW.
YEAH. WE NEED MORE PIGLETS RUNNIN' AROUND HERE.
HEY, WHAT'S THAT BLANKET SHE'S WEARING?
AH, LITTLE MISSY PROBABLY DRESSED HER UP.
YEAH, FARMER MATTHEWS HAS SOME WEIRD KIDS.
SHHH. THEY'RE RIGHT THERE WATCHIN' T.V.
OOPS!
LET'S GIT AND LEAVE THE LOVERS ALONE.
HEY BABY. TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY.
WHAP!
HOW ABOUT IF YOU SLIP OFF THAT ROBE...
I LIKE A GAL WITH SPUNK...
OOOF!
KIK
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?

800 POUNDS OF FURY IN THE FORM OF BUSTER, DECIDES TO TEACH MASTER PO A LESSON.
AH, GRASSHOPPER, WHO CAN SAY WHAT IS ROUGH AND WHAT IS NOT?
DO YOU NOT RUN SOFTLY?
FLY THROUGH THE AIR SOFTLY?
CRASH!
YET LAND ROUGHLY?
GOSH DARN IT! WHO WOULD THROW A PIG THROUGH THE WINDOW DURING KUNG FU?

MEANWHILE, IN BLATBURG, THE REMAINING ALIENS HAVE FOUND AND ARE GLEANING INFORMATION FROM THE TOWN'S MAJOR RESOURCE CENTERS.

EACH AMP, ALTHOUGH IN DUCK FORM, IS ABLE TO EXPEND HIS LAST VESTIGES OF ENERGY IN ACQUIRING SKILLS AND POWERS THAT WILL ENHANCE IT'S CHANCES FOR SURVIVAL IN THIS NEW AND STRANGE ENVIRONMENT.

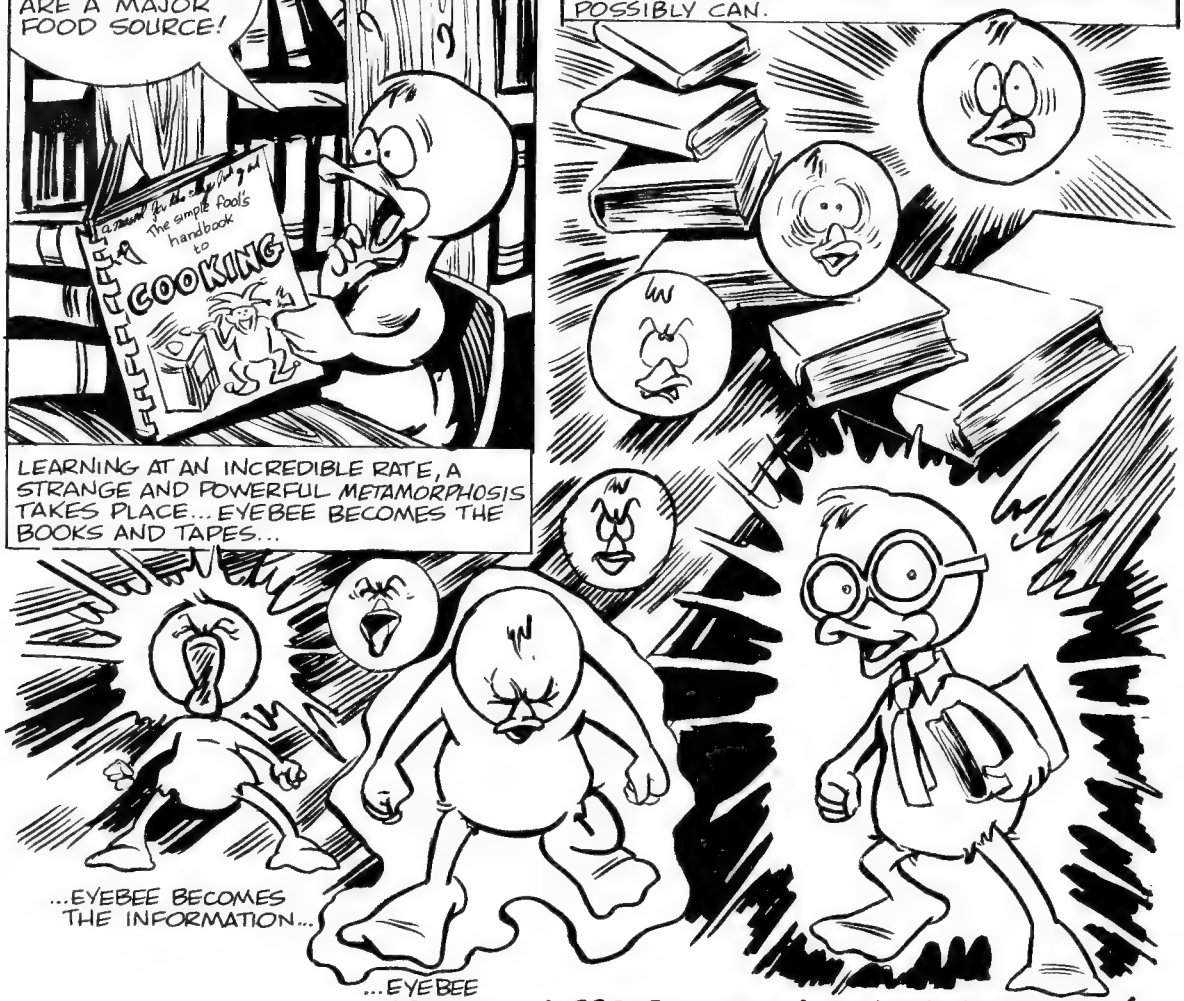
EYEBEE HAS CHOSEN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY


POWER THINKING
ENCYCLOPEDIA BRAINTANICA VOLUME 2,000,000,000
WORLD ALMANAC
THE DUCK... OUR FRIEND
HMMM... DUCKS ARE VERY LOW ON THE POWER SCALE...

SOME INFORMATION IS MORE PALATABLE THAN OTHERS...

HAVING DISCOVERED THAT KNOWLEDGE IS THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE ON THE PLANET, EYEBEE EXPENDS HIS FINAL ENERGY BURST ABSORBING ALL THE INFORMATION HE POSSIBLY CAN.

LEARNING AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE, A STRANGE AND POWERFUL METAMORPHOSIS TAKES PLACE... EYEBEE BECOMES THE BOOKS AND TAPES...

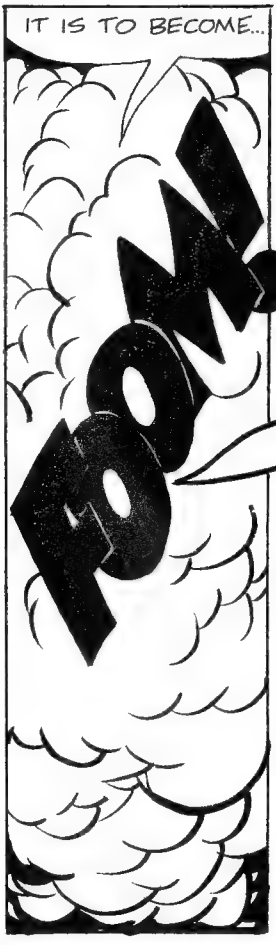


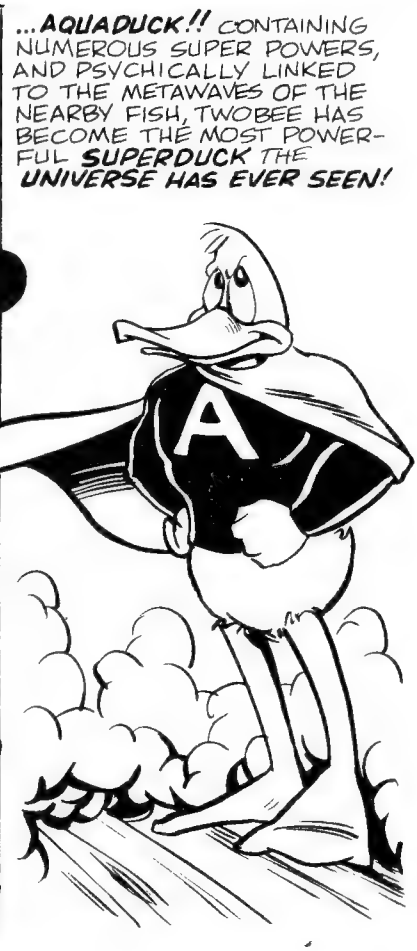
ONLY A FEW BUILDINGS AWAY, TWOBEE HAS CHOSEN ANOTHER SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SOURCE OF BOOKS...
ANOTHER WORLD COMICS
CLOSED SUNDAYS

COMING FROM A MORALLY BANKRUPT PLANET THAT DOESN'T ALLOW COMIC BOOKS, HE IS SWEPT OVER BY WAVES OF INCREDULITY.
NEXUS
XL
B-D HEROES
GADZOOKS! THIS STUFF IS GREAT!

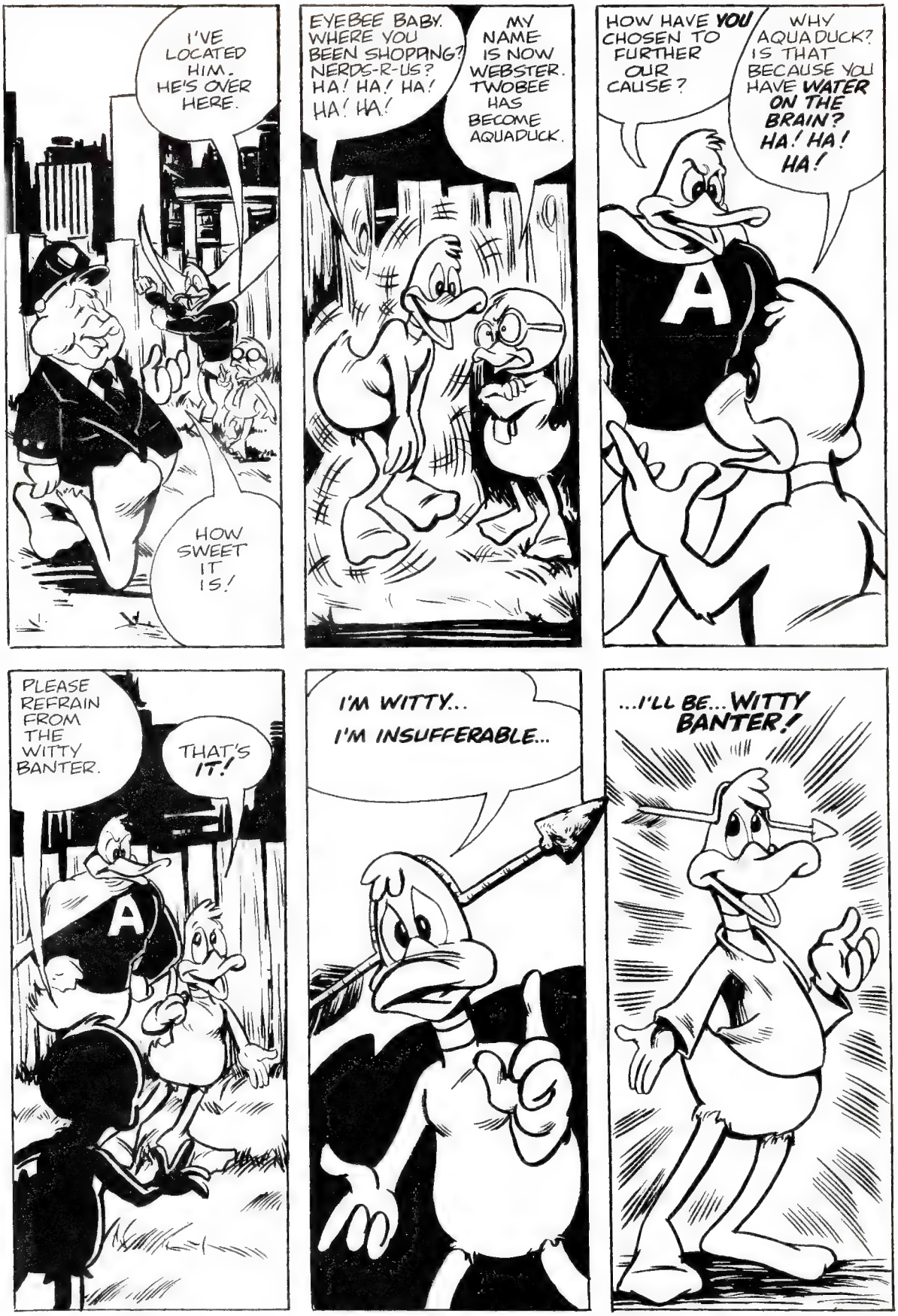
SUPER POWERS! SUPER STRENGTH!
TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY!

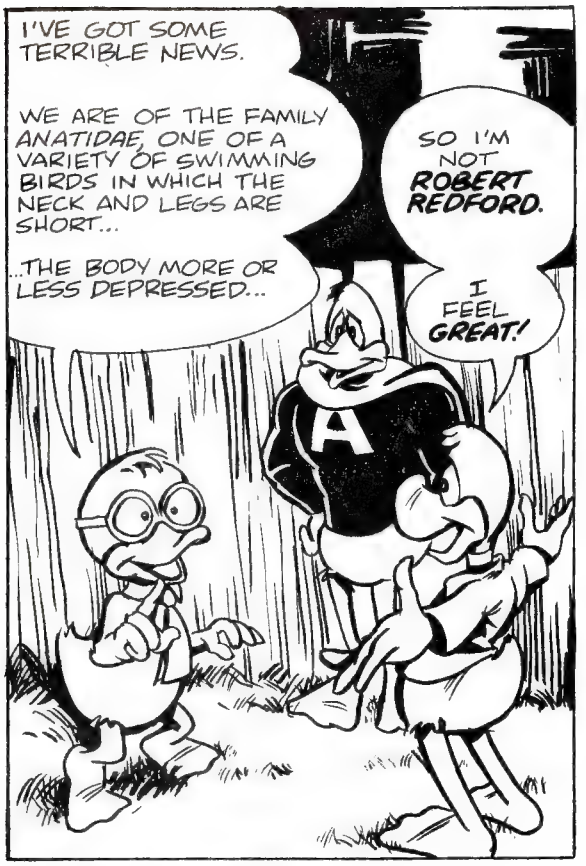
TO DO THE RIGHT THING! TO FIGHT EVIL IN ALL OF IT'S UGLY FORMS!
I KNOW MY PATH, I KNOW MY CALLING!

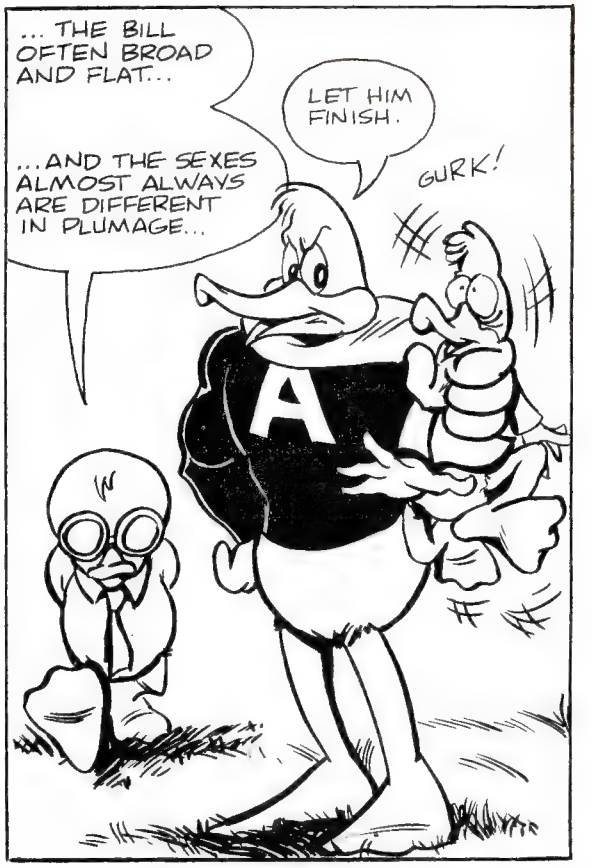

IT IS TO BECOME...
POW!


...AQUADUCK!! CONTAINING NUMEROUS SUPER POWERS, AND PSYCHICALLY LINKED TO THE METAWAVES OF THE NEARBY FISH, TWOBEE HAS BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL SUPERDUCK THE UNIVERSE HAS EVER SEEN!
A

TWO DOORS DOWN, FATE TAKES A DIFFERENT TURN.
HOVANEC'S B-MOVIE EXTRAVAGANZA
HA
RAMBO VS. THE WORLD
IT WAS BLOODY! IT WAS VIOLENT! THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
HA HA HA HA HA
THE POOR, NAIVE, BEEBEE UNSUSPECTINGLY OPENS HIS MIND TO ANOTHER SIDE OF OUR WORLD.
SITUATION COMEDY CLASSICS
TO THE MOON, ALICE!
HA HA HA
MONTY PYTHON FLYING CIRCUS
SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
MR. ED
I LOVE LUCY
TAXI
THE COMPLETE UNCUT MASH ENCYCLOPEDIA
SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
GLAD MAGAZINE ON PARADE
FOR THE UNPREPARED MIND THE EFFECTS ARE DEVASTATING.
WELL EXCU-U-U-U-SE ME!
HA HA HA HA
AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!
HA HA HA HA HA
GEE, MINDY, I'VE ALWAYS SAT ON MY FACE!
FINALLY, WITHOUT HIS EVEN KNOWING, BEEBEE TAKES ON THE MULTI-PERSONALITIES HE HAS BEEN ABSORBING OVER THE LAST SEVERAL HOURS.
I'M DYING, I CAN'T TAKE IT...
HEE HEE HEE
WHY IS THAT YAKOFF?
BECAUSE WE ARE WILD AND CRAZY GUYS!

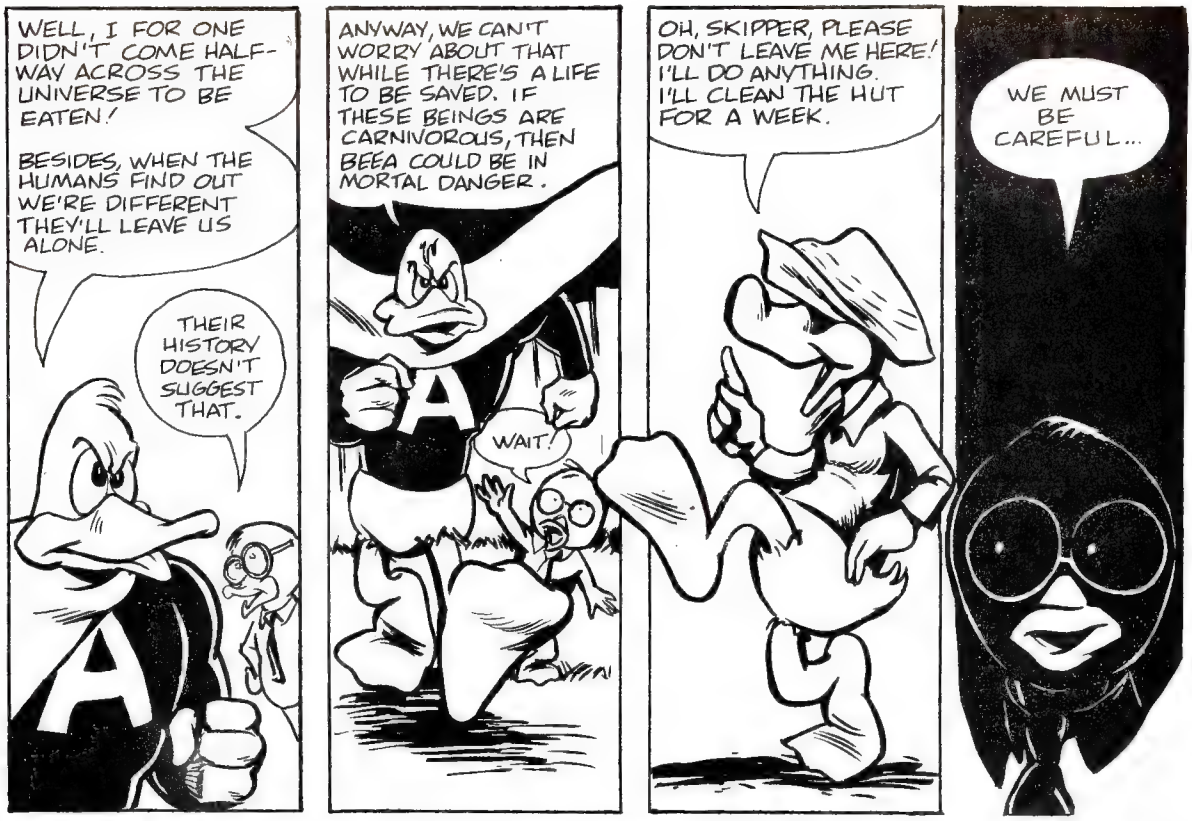

I'VE LOCATED HIM. HE'S OVER HERE.
HOW SWEET IT IS!
EYEBEE BABY. WHERE YOU BEEN SHOPPING? NERDS-R-US? HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
MY NAME IS NOW WEBSTER. TWOBEE HAS BECOME AQUADUCK.
HOW HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO FURTHER OUR CAUSE?
WHY AQUADUCK? IS THAT BECAUSE YOU HAVE WATER ON THE BRAIN? HA! HA! HA!
PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THE WITTY BANTER.
THAT'S IT!
I'M WITTY...
I'M INSUFFERABLE...
...I'LL BE...WITTY BANTER!


I'VE GOT SOME TERRIBLE NEWS.
WE ARE OF THE FAMILY ANATIDAE, ONE OF A VARIETY OF SWIMMING BIRDS IN WHICH THE NECK AND LEGS ARE SHORT...
...THE BODY MORE OR LESS DEPRESSED...
SO I'M NOT ROBERT REDFORD.
I FEEL GREAT!

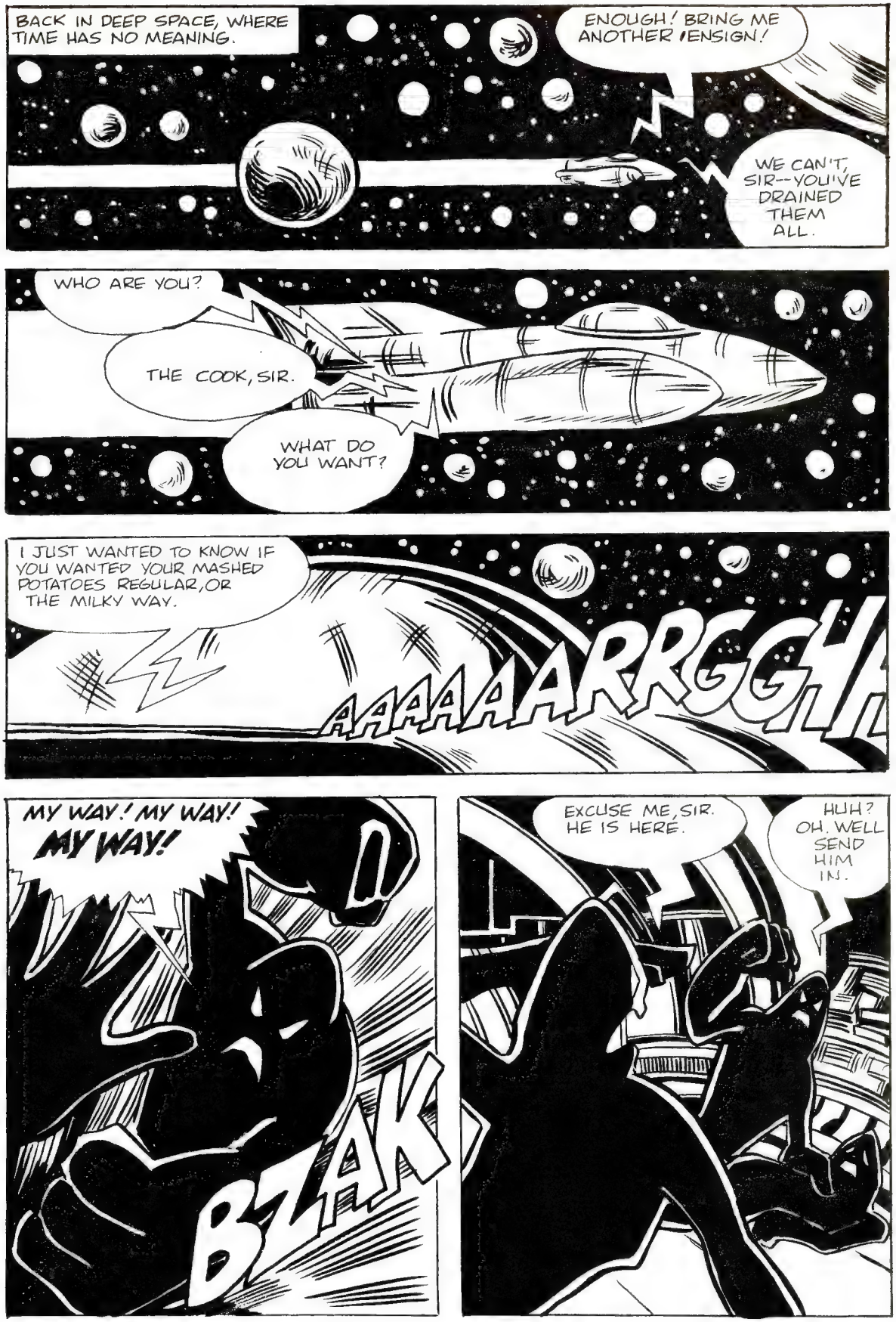

... THE BILL OFTEN BROAD AND FLAT...
...AND THE SEXES ALMOST ALWAYS ARE DIFFERENT IN PLUMAGE...
LET HIM FINISH.
GURK!

SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?
WE'RE NOT PEOPLE, WE'RE DUCKS!
THAT EXPLAINS THE WEBBED FEET. WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS?

THE BOOK I READ ALSO SAID: "THE FLESH OF ANY OF THESE BIRDS IS USED FOR FOOD."
ULP


WELL, I FOR ONE DIDN'T COME HALF-WAY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE TO BE EATEN!
BESIDES, WHEN THE HUMANS FIND OUT WE'RE DIFFERENT THEY'LL LEAVE US ALONE.
THEIR HISTORY DOESN'T SUGGEST THAT.
ANYWAY, WE CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT WHILE THERE'S A LIFE TO BE SAVED. IF THESE BEINGS ARE CARNIVOROUS, THEN BEEA COULD BE IN MORTAL DANGER.
WAIT!
OH, SKIPPER, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! I'LL DO ANYTHING. I'LL CLEAN THE HUT FOR A WEEK.
WE MUST BE CAREFUL...

TRY NOT TO LOOK SUSPICIOUS.


BACK IN DEEP SPACE, WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING.
ENOUGH! BRING ME ANOTHER ENSIGN!
WE CAN'T, SIR--YOU'VE DRAINED THEM ALL.
WHO ARE YOU?
THE COOK, SIR.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WANTED YOUR MASHED POTATOES REGULAR, OR THE MILKY WAY.
AAAAAARRGGH
MY WAY! MY WAY! MY WAY!
BZAK
EXCUSE ME, SIR. HE IS HERE.
HUH? OH. WELL SEND HIM IN.

HE IS AN EVIL KILLING FORCE. HIS REPUTATION FOR TERROR IS LEGEND IN THE HUNDRED PLANETS.
HE IS THE MOST EFFICIENT AMP HUNTER IN THE EMPIRE.
HE IS--
ELECTROID!

WILL THEY LIVE?

WILL THEY DIE?

READ THE SHOCKING ENDING IN...

CURRENT ATTRACTIONS

60 DAYS FROM NOW!

AQUADUCK
WEBSTER
MASTER PO
WITTY BANTER

CRASH